

# THE WEEKLY LANCASTER GAZETTE.

THE UNION OF THE STATES—ONE COUNTRY—ONE DESTINY.

VOL. 3.

LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1862.

NO. 12.

## The Lancaster Gazette.

CLARKE, KOOKEN & SUTPHEN,

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

Office: Lancaster, Ohio.

Published weekly, except on Sundays and holidays.

Subscription price, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements, by the square, for the first week, 10 cents.

For each additional week, 5 cents.

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At the time of Humboldt's death, the sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying, and it is stated that his last words, addressed to his wife, were these: "Wie herrlich diese Stunden, die ich mit dir verleben!" (How grand these hours; they seem to be beckoning to heaven!)

Sir Walter Scott, during his last illness, more than once turned to Lockhart, and exclaimed with great fervor to him: "Be a good man my dear." When we recollect the character of the man who uttered them, is there not a little sermon in these words? Judge Telford, it will be remembered, died suddenly while delivering the charge to the grand jury at Stafford House. The last sentence which he uttered before his hand fell forward upon his breast, is pregnant with wisdom; and from the eternal truth which it so nobly enunciates, forms a fitting conclusion to Telford's benevolent and useful career. "That," said he, "which is wanted to bind together the bursting-bands of the different classes of this country, is not kindness, but sympathy." And so with that last word "sympathy," yet trembling upon his lips, poor Telford passed away.

Dr. Johnson's last words, addressed to a young lady standing by his bedside, were: "God bless you, my dear." And "God bless you!" is that which was Wadsworth's last words.

There is a singular identity, also, between the last utterances of Mrs. Hannah Moore and of the historian, Sir James Mackintosh, the last words of both consisted of one word, and both alike breathe the same spirit of happiness. "Joy" was the last utterance of the former, and "happily" that of the latter. "I am ready," were the last words of the great actor, Charles Mathews. John Knox, about 11 o'clock on the night of his death, gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed, "Now it is come." These were his last words, for in a few moments later he expired.

Gen. Washington's last words were firm, cool and reliant as himself. "I am about to die," said he, "and I am not afraid to die." Noble words these! There is something in them which reminds us of Addison's celebrated request to those around him: "To mark how a Christian could die."

Ely, the great painter, quietly marked the progress of dissolution going on within his frame and coolly moralized thereon. His last words were: "Wonderful—wonderful, this death!" and he uttered them with a perfect calmness.

Thomas Hood's last words were: "Dying, dying," as though, said his biographer, "he was glad to realize the sense of rest implied in them."

Amongst the last utterances of another great wit, Douglas Jerrold, was the reply which he made to the question "How he felt?" Jerrold's reply was quick and terse; as his conversation always was. He felt, he said, "as one who was waiting, and waited for."

When we remember Charlotte Brontë's stormy and sorrowful life, lightened for only a few brief moments toward its close by her marriage with her father's curate, Mr. Nicholls, there is a melancholy pliancy in her last words. Addressing her husband, she said: "I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us."

Poor Oliver Goldsmith's farewell words are also very plaintive. "Is your mind at ease?" asked his doctor. "No, it is not," was poor Goldsmith's melancholy reply. This was the last sentence he ever uttered, and it is sorrowful, like his life.

One of Keat's latest utterances is full of a singular pathos and beauty. "I feel," he said, on his death-bed, "I feel the flow of growing old me!"

Tasso's last words: "In manus tuas Domine" (into thy hands, O Lord, do I commit my spirit), are eminently religious. They were uttered by him with extreme difficulty, and immediately afterward he expired.

The son of Edmund Burke, the great statesman, was a young man of rare promise, and his early death hastened the decrease of his illustrious father. It is related that on the night of his death young Burke suddenly rose up and exclaimed: "Is that faint Oh no! it is the sound of the wind among the trees. He then turned to his father, regarded him with a look of great affection, and then commenced to recite with deep feeling these sublime lines of Milton, from Adam's Morning Hymn, which he knew to be his father's favorite:

"Hail, praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Blow soft or loud, and wave your tops,  
Ye ever-plants, in sign of worship, wave!"

Just as he pronounced the last word, his strength failed him; the lamp which had flickered up so grandly in its socket was quenched; he fell forward into his father's arms, and so died. Burke's grief was so terrible, and he did not long survive his son. Burke's own last words are the same as those of Johnson and Wadsworth—namely, "God bless you."

Who that ever read them can forget those noble last words which Bishop Latimer addressed to his fellow-sufferer, Bishop Ridley, when both were about to perish in the flames at Oxford? Addressing Bishop Ridley, he said: "Be of good cheer, brother Ridley, this day we light a candle in England which will never be extinguished." We question whether, if the archives of all the "noble army of martyrs" were to be ransacked, there could be found a record of any more memorable utterance than this.

King Charles II. also died with a joke upon his lips, his death had been expected for some time before it occurred, and thus many of his courtiers had been kept up all night. He apologized to those who stood around his bed for the trouble he had caused them, that he had been, he said, a most unconscionable time in dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. "This was the last glimpse," remarks Lord Macaulay, "of that exquisite urbanity so of-

ten found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation."

There is an incident related of the death of Sir Charles Napier, the great Indian warrior, which is so curious and suggestive that (although strictly speaking, it does not come under the category of "last words," since no word was spoken by Sir Charles) we cannot resist referring to it here. It appears, then, that the 22d Foot was the regiment with which Sir Charles' chief victories were achieved, and to which he was most strongly attached. Just as the warrior's spirit was passing away, Mr. M'Murdo, his son in law, seized the latter, shot torn fragments of the colors of the 22d regiment, and waved them over the dying warrior. A grim smile of satisfaction crossed Sir Charles' face as this was being done, and thus his spirit passed away.

Zwingli, the great German reformer, was killed in battle in the year 1531. His last words were cool and brave. Gazing calmly, and with undaunted courage, at the blood trickling from his death wounds, he calmly exclaimed: "What matters this misfortune? They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul."

And now that we are speaking about the last words of warriors, who can fail to recollect those noble last words of our great Nelson? "I thank God," said he, "that I have done my duty." And with the great guns booming overhead, proclaiming the victory so dearly bought he died.

In the year 1591, Sir Richard Grenville, the Sydney of the sea, was serving in an English fleet against Spain. They were assailed by a Spanish fleet of far superior force. After inflicting the most terrible chastisement upon the Spanish fleet—it is said that Sir Richard was engaged with no less than fifteen ships—the Revenge (Sir Richard's vessel) was taken and Sir Richard himself was carried, mortally wounded, on board the Spanish Admiral's ship, where he was treated with distinguished honor. But in a few days he felt that death was at hand, and he spoke the following words in Spanish, that all who heard him might bear witness to their fervor: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, fighting for my country, Queen, religion and honor; my soul willingly departing from my body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in duty bound to do."

We propose giving, as the final illustration of our subject, the last utterances of a soldier who fought in another warfare, to wit, the venerable Bede. Bede died at Jarrow, Monks, near Newcastle, in the year 735. The account left us of his death is very striking. For a long time previous, Bede had been engaged upon a translation of St. John's Gospel in the Saxon language. His work, which was to give God's Word to the common people in their own tongue, was very nearly completed, but his strength was ebbing fast. He sat in his chair, however, conscious still, though the shades of death were fast gathering around him. The scribe, who was writing to Bede's dictation, now hastily exclaimed to him: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written." This speech recalled his fast failing senses. Gathering together all his strength, he answered: "Write quickly," and then dictated to the scribe the last sentence of the last chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. The scribe wrote it down rapidly, and then said: "The sentence is now written." Bede replied: "It is well. You have said the truth. It is finished! Consummatus est."

For the Lancaster Gazette.

Church Choirs.

Having shown in my former communication, that singing was a part of Christian worship, I now propose an inquiry into the method of its performance. Should it be done indifferently, or should it be done correctly? In almost all congregations there are to be found advocates for both these methods. This being the fact, the question arises, which is right? Perhaps no one can be found who will acknowledge that he is in favor of its being indifferently performed, and yet, the practice of hundreds prove that they are in favor of it, and do perform it, with the greatest possible indifference. What is it, to sing with indifference? I understand it to mean engaging in its performance without previous thought, or preparation, either in regard to the tune, key, or adaptation of the tune to the words, or the tune to the occasion, and sentiment of the hymn, or key to the voice. Singing correctly, I understand to be the very reverse of this. Previous preparation having been made, hymns selected, tunes adapted to them, and practiced until learned, and the time understood, so that in the language of the Apostle, it may be done in decency and in order. Then singing, as a part of religious worship, should be thus performed I argue.

1st. From the fact that it being our duty to sing, we are under obligations to perform it to the best of our ability; otherwise it cannot be acceptable to God, for he will not accept an imperfect sacrifice. I do not claim that it should be a perfect performance, but to be the best of our ability, Arthur and others will doubtless reply, this is just what we contend for, but can any man say that he has performed a duty to the best of his ability, when at the same time he has never given the subject a moment's thought, nor put forth a single effort to cultivate the powers with which God has endowed him, nor ever given attention to the execution of it by those who do sing correctly, to even become an imitator in any correct sense; instead of such a man's worship being according to the best of his ability, it is according to his uncultivated ability, which is the result of his own neglect, and for which delinquency his Maker will hold him to a strict account. I would not, by this remark, cast a single reflection upon any ancestors in the church, who did not understand the science of music, for it is well known that these men did cultivate an imitative style of singing, which was the best their age, and opportunity furnished. But this will not furnish a refuge for the delinquency of thousands in this age, because the means of cultivation are within the reach of all.

Secondly, I argue that it should be done correctly, from the design of this part of our worship. A strict examination of all our religious acts, will show that we are required to perform them, not for the entertainment, or benefit, of our maker, but on account of their influence on the party performing the action, and this is particularly so in regard to music; it is soothing, refining, and elevating, its influence upon our natures. And it must be manifest to any reasonable mind, that this end is gained, just in proportion to the perfection of the performance, while it is lost in equal proportion, as it is imperfectly performed. Those men who profess to love God, and seek to elevate human nature, can content for a style of Church Music such as is to be met with on every Sabbath, in more than half our churches, is a profession, and practice, which I am incapable of reconciling. Such singing instead of tending to refinement, and moral elevation, is positively degrading, and demoralizing. But it is claimed by the anti-understanding singers, that any attempt at correct system of musical execution, requires close attention, and therefore the mind is drawn off from the sentiment of the words, and the spirit of devotion is lost. It seems to me that the weight of this objection lies against Arthur, and his party, for it is not reasonable to suppose that his more embarrassing, for a man to perform that which he does not understand.

Thirdly, I further argue for its correct performance, from the nature of the human mind. There is in every mind a natural taste, which without cultivation is at once pleased with the grand and the beautiful, and nothing more than the harmonious sound of musical chord; while nothing rough, distorted, unbecomely, or unharmonious, can interest or please. It is a remarkable fact, that every feature of the plan of salvation, when properly understood, is attractive and approved by the most cultivated taste. If all the elements of Christianity were repulsive to good taste, who could be led to embrace it? It is evident, then, that no part of it should be so performed, or presented, as to be repulsive to good taste, or those whom it proposes to win will be driven from its embrace. These remarks apply with no small force to the subject under discussion; for how many persons are driven from the church of God, by the drawing, discordant, unharmonious, repulsive, singing, which is weekly practiced in many congregations. Now if it be considered wrong to endeavor to please the mind, for the purpose of leading it to Christ, why then, it follows, that you must make all religious exercises as repugnant as possible. Such men if they would carry out their own theory, would employ the most repulsive ministers to be had, and pray in the most repulsive manner, and sing in such a manner as to make it intolerable, even to a savage. Now if it be said that this is not the true method of presenting the subject of religion, then it follows that it should be done in the most inviting manner, and singing in my opinion, is not to form the exception, hence my plea for its correct performance.

I propose in my next to answer the third question.

INTERESTING FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Our fleet within Seven Miles of Charleston—Cotton Burning—Martial Law in Charleston—What the Charleston Papers Say.

On the 21st ult. the gunboats Pembina, Quail and Otisawa, were seen from a correspondent of the New York Herald while shelling a party of rebels on Cole's Island, discovered two rebel fortifications, called Fort Pickens and Fort Palmetto, situated on the eastern shore of the island, directly opposite Bird Key, where the Stono and Kiawah rivers unite. A few shells rained their evacuation. The barracks, some twelve or fifteen wooden buildings, were burned. The garrison fled, carrying off their guns. Next day a reconnoitering party captured five miles up the Stono. Navigation is now clear to within seven miles of Charleston, by the Stono and its tributaries. Every night the sky is illuminated by the burning of cotton. General Hunter has imprisoned Col. Moore, of New York for refusing to promulgate his Order No. 11.

The Charleston Mercury of May 14th publishes the following circular, which, it says, is the deliberate expression of probably the largest, wealthiest and most influential class of the citizens of New Orleans, but for "reasons that must be manifest to all," withholds the signature.

TO COTTON PLANTERS.—New Orleans has fallen, not degraded or enslaved, but yielding to armed ships with guns leveled at the homes of our defenseless wives and children. The scotchmen of Louisiana is unstained, and her flag has been desecrated but by her enemies. None could be found among us so vile, low or degraded as to lower her national insignia. We have yielded to brute force but for the moment.

It becomes now the duty of all planters to display more than ever their patriotism and devotion to their country. They have asked that devotion upon the battlefield. Now let us fight our enemies as well by burning and destroying every bale of cotton upon the river or rivers liable to capture, as well as refusing to ever ship or sell a bale of cotton until peace is declared and our nationality is fixed. Let their conquest be a barren one.

The merchant fleets of Europe and Yankeeedom will soon be bringing their riches among us to trade with us, expecting an exchange of cotton. If commerce is once revived we are enslaved forever. Let Europe howl at the waste the bar of the North will have brought upon the country. The United States Government has promised renewed trade to the world so soon as our ports are opened. If we are true to ourselves, there will be no trade, and the countless millions of foreign products will be without purchasers. How long will they remain idle speculators of such? The Powers of Europe will see that there is no sentiment of regard for the old flag that we despise the race; and when we withhold or destroy our property, they will find that Unionism is dead forever.

Charleston is under martial law. No negro free or slave, can leave the city unless provided with a passport, which can only be obtained from 11 A.M. until 1 P.M. This short time the Mercury denounces as an intolerable oppression. In order to prevent a repetition of the "Planters' affair," all vessels passing Fort Sumter are obliged to stop and the Captain report to person.

FROM LOUISVILLE.

Seventy Hundred Prisoners Paroled by the Rebels—Four Hundred More on the Way—The Rebels unable to Feed Their Victorious War against Tennessee Guerillas.

LOUISVILLE, June 4.—The train from Columbus brought to Nashville, this evening, 1,600 Federal prisoners, of Gen. Prentiss' Division, who were taken at Pittsburg Landing. They came from Macon, Tuscaloosa and Montgomery, and were paroled in consequence of the rebels being unable to feed them. They report universal discontent among the rebel soldiers, who are anxious to go home. The privates say they are whipped out. Four hundred more paroled prisoners will arrive here to-morrow.

A dispatch to Gov. Johnson from Gen. Negley of yesterday, says that Wyncopes cavalry made a dash into Winchester and scattered Store's rebel cavalry in all directions. Our men are chasing them over the country.

The speech of Ex-Gov. Brown is exerting a powerful influence on hundreds who have been led into secession.

A Self-made Colonel.

During the battle at Pittsburg Landing, Gen. Nelson dispatched an orderly from a cavalry company, to the river with a message. The General waited in vain for an answer, and the day wore away without hearing from the messenger. Gen. Nelson was furious, directed the following day a search to be made for the orderly. He was, after some trouble, found, and taken immediately to headquarters. He was called upon for an account, and said, in a brief, off hand manner, when he got to the river, he found several thousand skulkers, and six hundred of these agreed to go into action if they could find a leader. The young cavalryman promptly offered himself, and as promptly led the men into the hottest of fight. He reported to Gen. Crittenden, was assigned a position which he maintained all day, losing from his impromptu command ten men killed and fifty wounded. The General was so well pleased with the young man's gallant conduct, that he immediately gave him a commission. Certainly his gallantry deserves special consideration.

How Large is Our Army?

We believe in Senator Wilson's figures and they seem to be based upon an estimate like this:

Gen. McClellan's column,	100,000
Gen. Halleck's column,	160,000
Gen. McDowell's column,	30,000
Gen. Bank's column,	80,000
Gen. Fremont's department,	35,000
Gen. Burnside's department,	25,000
Gen. Hunter's department,	20,000
Gen. Brannan's (Key West), etc.,	5,000
Gen. Butler's column,	15,000
Gen. Curtis and Steele,	25,000
Gen. Dix and Wool,	12,000
Gen. Blunt's de't of Kansas,	5,000
New Mexico de't going,	10,000
Gen. Mitchell's column,	15,000
Guard duty in Ky. and Tenn.,	5,000
Guard duty in Missouri,	5,000
Guard duty below Island No. 10,	5,000
Guarding prisoners North,	7,000
Total,	580,000

ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP NEAR CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI, May 27th, 1862.

It is invariably dull here "just now," more so than at any period of time other than this, since the Creek and the Delaware, at least so it appears to one who deduces his conclusion on the presumed fact that nobody ever lived here; and, therefore, as a natural consequence, nobody ever got lonesome here before we came. Notwithstanding the sparse population in this "back of woods," I have met several inhabitants who know the ground and situation perfectly well. There, for instance, is

WILLIAM HENRY MOCQUITTO, a long, angular-bodied citizen, with a number of relatives, who, as a guide, accompanies us of nights on pickets and scouts. He is well known in this locality as a person of refined taste and great sensibility, eating nothing but matured army beef, and drinking nothing but the best claret wine, drawn from blood red sources. In business transactions he is esteemed sharp, and his manners are proverbial, and although some doubt his honesty of purpose, and have striven to extinguish him, a beautiful pathetic refrain from his musical prostration generally makes a person of imaginative turn of mind conceive a rushing river overflowing its banks and, who, imagining so, exclaims damn it!

ABRAHAM WOODTICK, a seion of one of the "first families" of Swamp Hollow, is a very pleasant little body, and when once he enters his affections on a person, it is devilish hard to break his hold. Rather than prove traitor to one on whom he has become attached, he would permit his head to be detached from his body! A second cousin to Abraham paid our Brigade a visit "to-day," and, forming a liking to a soldier of our Regiment, buried his head in the soldier's bosom, and there it still remains. I have it from the soldier's own mouth; likewise from a huge lump on his breast, which is contained all that was vital of Cousin Woodtick! Old Abe still lives!

Mr. G. NAY is the only denizen I have seen who renders himself absolutely detestable to the soldiery. He gets in our water, bathes in our coffee, anchors on our faces, stands picket in our eye-lashes, crawls through our hair, buzzes round our ears, and goes on reconnaissance down our throats. Although Southern in tone and manners, whenever driven away by offended Federals, he immediately comes back with the assurance that he is "for the Union as it was!"

B. CREPPER, Esq., is a person now held in custody by the forces of Gen. Buell, and is considered a component part of the Grand Army of Occupation; so, at least I am informed by one who was of the party that arrested Mr. Crepper as a Secesh spy; having found him under a lot of rebel clothing left in a deserted camp. He declares himself for Union, but we want nothing at all to do with him, as there is no doubt but at least ninety-nine out of a hundred of his friends and all his relatives are closely identified with the Cotton Confederacy, as they won't have anything to do with linen or wool!

Lizards, snakes, toads, scorpions, &c., abound here plentifully, but as yet I have not visited the Great Swamp to the West of us, where, to use the always truthful words of Baron Munchausen, there is three feet layer of lizards, two of scorpions, and four of toads, in a boggy quagmire of eighteen miles; the whole surrounded with a variegated coloring of squirming, and curling snakes.

For pastime in camp we have euchre, seven up and bluff, draw poker, horse shoe and ring pitching; wrestling, running and jumping; ration-eating, tobacco-chewing and drilling; once in awhile a little fight, further depositing salt on it.

Musket and cannon firing has become so common along the line that the boys feel uneasy whenever they don't hear it, and the ominous silence for the last two or three days portends a heavy storm after a quiet calm, or else a more than quiet calm after a heavy storm. We fill up our haversacks for a march every two days, but somebody orders us in quarters, and down in the region of digestion goes a ration—an easy and speedy task, as one has only to mash up some crackers with an axe and then soak them in mosquitoed gravy or gusted water.

In company with two others of our Company I took a stroll over to the left wing "other day" to see the company of Capt. Brown and Lieut. Hewitson, of the 43d O. V. The men all looked well, and old "Peter," although laboring under a slight indisposition, was full of life; while the "Doctor" looked as well, if not better, than he ever did. Allow me here to express my thanks for a glass of excellent lemonade received from them, with the advice to the maker that a spirit in a lemonade improves it wonderfully. This makes one more lot of men, (one full company, and fractional part of another,) to be added to the more than respectable list from Old Fairfield who will be participants in the coming great battle.

Is it not a glorious sight to see so many from our own country, aided by willing hearts at home, fighting, possibly with death before them, for our country's preservation? Stafford's, of the 1st Ohio; Butterfield's, Stonehouse's, Ricketts', Ogden's, Rea's, of the 17th; Brown's and Hewitson's of the 43d; Giesey's and Wiseman's of the 46th; Kinser's and Jackson's of the 58th! Besides this Fairfield has almost one Regimental Staff; one full Co. of cavalry under Vol. Capperaert Chaplain; two aid de camps; two Colonels; and one Acting Major General, W. T. Sherman;—all here, with the exception of Col. Felt. Aside from this is more than a full Company in the 12th Infantry U.S.A.; Van Pearce's cavalry, and Dr. Shaw of the 10th O. V.

Our own dear Company, numbering 108, rank and file, at Camp Corinth, was reduced to 101 before leaving there, by transfers; we have lost since by disability discharges 3—Christopher F. Smith, Wm. R. Johnson and Eli Stonebury; by death 2—Reece Holstman and James Colwell, and since then, on the 21st of this month, at our present camp, Benjamin Reber, making a loss of 6 who will nevermore return to us. Besides these, two of the transferred are dead—George W. Saylor and William Cloud. A further diminution of numbers in the 14 sick back at different hospitals—Jacob Shook, Isaac Meason, Levi Stutman, John H. Mauler, Solomon B. Lewis, D. M. Will, Silvester Azbell, George Fricker, George Griffith, Jacob Moore, James Smith, Edward Thornburg, Frederick Frizzell, Thomas Heist; wounded in battle of Pittsburg and absent—Lieut. Hooker, Orderly Solomon Homan, William Shetley, George W. Carroll, Martin Schell, (reported as dying on his way by boat to Cincinnati); 5; on detached service, Lieut. Wiley; home on furlough, Pryor Timmons. Total dead, discharged, and absent 27 men; Sergeant, 2 Lieutenants. Total present 73 men, 1 commissioned officer, leaving the 2d Sergeant second in command. He is a devilish good fellow.

One of our Company received a Gazette two or three months ago. Allow me to express gratitude for the same.

"All quiet on the Tennessee!"

Yours, in the bonds of Union;

HARRY COMER,

Co. A, 1st O. V. U.S.A.

FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

The North Carolina Negro Schools to be Re-opened—Important Revised School.

WASHINGTON, June 3.—Rev. Dr. Tyng of New York, and Stephen Caldwell of Philadelphia, representing the Freedmen's Association of those cities, waited on Secretary Stanton this morning in company with Senator Sumner, to inquire into the authority under which Governor Stanley issued his order closing the colored schools in North Carolina. These gentlemen had official advice that this had been done, from Vincent Collier, who had been teaching 1,500 blacks before the order was issued.

Secretary Stanton showed them his instructions to Gov. Stanley, which contain not a word directing him to enforce the local laws of North Carolina, nor do they in any way authorize him to issue the order in question. Secretary Stanton said that he would not remain one hour a member of an administration that sanctioned such proceedings as that of Gov. Stanley, and read his visitors the letter written to that functionary, after consultation with the President, in which he was directed to revoke the obnoxious order and to allow the schools to go on as heretofore.

The commissions and instructions to Governor Stanley and Andrew Johnson were to day sent into the Senate, in response to Senator Sumner's resolution of inquiry. The Commissions simply constitute them Military Governors of their respective States, to keep the peace and maintain the National power. Their instructions are in very general terms, and prescribe duties and are suggested in their commissions, as quoted above. Not a word in either about enforcing local laws.